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HYMNS  
FOR  
CHRISTIAN PILGRIMS



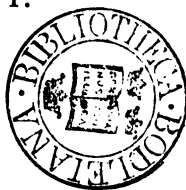






HYMNS  
FOR  
CHRISTIAN PILGRIMS.

By H. T.



"I will sing of mercy and judgment ;  
unto Thee, O Lord, will I sing."

SEELEY, JACKSON, AND HALLIDAY, FLEET STREET,  
LONDON. MDCCCLXXII.

147. 9. 404.





## PREFACE.



**T**HAT may interest those who read these Poems to know that they were composed by one whose faith and patience were for many, many years sorely tried by severe bodily suffering—the means often taken by a gracious and All-wise Father to draw those whom He has chosen near to Himself. At one period of her life, during short intermissions of acute pain, she was enabled, when her feeble hand could guide a pencil, to commit her “thoughts in verse” to paper.

It is not for the partial affection of those for whom almost every page has a charm peculiarly its own to judge of them as *literary* productions,



but they are published with the hope and prayer, that, as they soothed and revived the weary spirit of her from whose heart they originally flowed, when after long years of waiting, heart and flesh well-nigh failed, so they may prove as rills by the wayside to some heavy-laden pilgrims who are toiling along the same rough pathway towards the Land of Everlasting Rest and Peace.

*Michaelmas, 1872.*



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SPIRITUAL LIFE.







## SPIRITUAL LIFE.



### *T*rials by the Way.

*"The things which are seen are temporal; but the things which are not seen are eternal."—2 COR. iv. 18.*



E sons and daughters of the King eternal !  
Heirs to a fadeless crown !  
Let not the discipline of Love Paternal  
Thus weigh your spirits down :  
Life is a chequered scene, yet joy and sadness  
Alike in mercy come,  
To make us seek a land of perfect gladness,  
An everlasting home.

Think it not strange then, though some fiery trial  
Be sent your faith to prove ;  
Rather rejoice, if ye by self-denial  
Can manifest your love :  
For though the furnace may be seven-times heated  
To cleanse the gold from dross,  
While near at hand the Great Refiner's seated,  
No soul can suffer loss.



Neither despise the Lord's all-wise correction,  
Nor faint when He reproves :  
Each stroke reveals His fatherly affection,  
He chastens those He loves.  
Keep near to Him in every tribulation,  
Ask Him thy cross to bless,  
So shall it tend to thy sanctification  
And growth in holiness.

Look unto Him who for the joy before Him  
Endured the Cross of shame :  
Now myriads saved, before the throne adore Him  
And bless His glorious name.  
Consider Him who bore such contradictions  
Enthroned in power and might ;  
Against " eternal glory " weigh afflictions,  
And they seem brief and light.

And precious is the thought that " this same Jesus "  
Who into Heaven has gone,  
With sympathizing love and pity sees us  
As heavenward we toil on :  
Within the veil, His gracious word fulfilling,  
Our cause He loves to plead.  
For well He knows e'en when the spirit's willing,  
The flesh is weak indeed.

Were it not thus, well might our spirits languish,  
Oppressed by doubts and fears,  
And hearts might break beneath their load of  
anguish .

Ne'er breathed in human ears ;  
But when within and round us all seems dreary,  
We can to Him repair,  
Who welcomes all who come, and bids the weary  
Cast on Him every care—

For He in our affliction is afflicted—  
And He who truly knows  
The burden of a heart of sin convicted,  
Can give that heart repose :  
He in our lot appoints the joy and sorrow,  
The bitter and the sweet ;  
He will provide against the unknown morrow,  
As His wise love sees meet.

Christian, look up ! cease doubting and repining,  
Beyond this changing scene ;  
The Sun of Righteousness is ever shining,  
Tho' mists may intervene.  
Look unto Him till every cloud of sadness  
Shall from thy spirit roll ;  
Look unto Him till His bright beams, with gladness  
Re-animate thy soul.

Look for the blessed hope of His appearing  
In glorious majesty :  
The night is now far spent, the day is nearing,  
It gilds the eastern sky.  
Soon shall the widowed church put off her mourn-  
ing,  
Soon shall the Bridegroom's voice  
Bid her assume her beauteous adorning  
And evermore rejoice.



*"I am but a Little Child."*

I KINGS iii. 7.



FATHER! I would not ask to see  
What Thou hast wisely hid from me;  
Future events belong to Thee,  
I'm but a little child.

I cannot for one moment stand,  
Unless Thou hold me by the hand;  
Thy ways I cannot understand  
For I am but a child.

Then grant me, Lord, this heart-felt prayer,  
Make me, for Jesus' sake, to share  
Thy Fatherly, Thy watchful care;  
Make me Thine own dear child.

Reveal to me Thy love divine;  
Make it on my cold heart to shine,  
And let me know that I am Thine,  
Yea, Lord, Thy pardoned child.

Then, whatsoe'er my lot may be,  
Knowing it must be best for me,  
I'll serve Thee with the liberty  
Of an obedient child.

And Thou, midst clouds wilt give me grace,  
To trust e'en where I cannot trace;  
Though for a while Thou hid'st Thy face  
From Thine afflicted child.

For everlasting love like Thine,  
That ne'er can weary nor decline ;  
At length through every cloud shall shine,  
And cheer Thy waiting child.

Lord, in Thy love alone I rest,  
And in that consciousness am blest ;  
Soon love to Thee shall fill the breast  
Of Thy now longing child.

When faith is perfected in sight ;  
And hope is changed to full delight,  
Thou shalt be loved and served aright,  
Oh Father, by Thy child.

## A Call to Self-Surrender.

*"Fear the Lord, and serve Him in truth with all your heart: for consider how great things He hath done for you."*—1 SAM. xii. 24.



THOU who from the path of peace hast  
wandered,  
Whoe'er, where'er thou art—

To-day thy Father sendeth thee this message,

"My son, give Me thine heart."

"My son!—nay, do not trifle with my sorrow,

But tell me, can it be

That words so full of mercy and compassion

Are still addressed to me?

"For I, my heavenly Father's love despising,

Enslaved by sin, did roam

Far from the source and centre of all blessing,

A great way from my home."

Tis true; yet from the land of drought and famine

Thy Father heard thy cry,

And when "a great way off" His lovingkindness

Found means to bring thee nigh.

His well-beloved Son, the holy Jesus,  
Pitying thy lost estate,  
Bore in thy stead His Father's just displeasure  
In all its awful weight.

O! mystery, all mysteries surpassing!  
Superabounding grace!  
He bore the curse that He among the children  
The long-lost one might place.

Naught could'st thou do to purchase thy lost  
birthright;  
But, lo! that work is done;  
And if thou wilt but *come*, thou art accepted  
In the beloved Son.

Think of the tender love of God the Father—  
He calls thee still His child,  
And says that through that perfect satisfaction  
He now is reconciled.

Yea! all day long with outstretched hands He  
waiteth  
His wanderer to receive;  
And canst thou still His faithfulness dishonour,  
His message disbelieve?

Why should'st thou famish when thy Father's  
household

Have bread enough to spare?

Why linger when so lovingly invited

The children's lot to share?

The one condition for thy restoration

Is, that thou wilt resign

Thy wayward will, and make a full surrender

Of that poor heart of thine.

That hard, that sinful heart, which long an alien,—

An enemy hath been,—

His love can melt; His grace can make it loyal,

His Spirit make it clean.

Wait not to make it fit for His acceptance;

He only can impart

The power to render sweet that bitter fountain,

Come therefore as thou art;

If thou dost feel that thou without His favour

Art poor and lost indeed,

Come, for the very fitness that is needed

Is thus to feel thy need.



Oft midst thine earthly joys ; or midst thy sadness  
When swift-winged they depart  
Dost thou not hear a still small voice that whispers  
“ My Son, give *Me* thine heart ? ”

Give it, O give it, as a free-will offering—  
Else 'tis no gift at all ;  
Why should this world, its cares, its fascinations,  
A ransomed soul enthral ?

“ O love divine ! O infinite compassion !  
Which even condescends  
To *wait*, with pleading attitude entreating  
Thy foes to be thy friends !

I will arise, my sin and guilt confessing,  
In Jesus' name I'll come,  
For His works' sake forgive me, O my Father,  
And take Thy wanderer home.

And O receive into Thy holy keeping  
A heart that long withstood  
The earnest pleadings of that Friend who bought it  
With His most precious blood.

At last, at last, long-suffering Lord 'tis vanquished,  
Vanquished by love divine,  
O then in love receive and purify it,  
And make it wholly Thine.

Thou who didst come to heal the broken-hearted,  
The captive to release,  
Heal me, and in my heart, O mighty Conqueror,  
Reign as the Prince of Peace.

Infuse therein the spirit of adoption :  
Be it henceforth my aim  
By child-like trust, obedience, and devotion,  
To glorify Thy name.

And so once more, through mercy, the glad tidings  
Shall through Heaven's court resound,  
' A soul has passed from death to life eternal,  
A long-lost child is found ! ' "



### Good News from a Far Country.

*"Fear not : for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people."*—ST. LUKE ii. 10.



O all who feel and own their need  
The gospel is good news indeed ;  
Glad tidings of great joy !  
Since it reveals the glorious plan,  
By which poor, fallen, ruined man,  
May endless bliss enjoy.

It points to Christ, the "living way,"  
Through whom the vilest sinner may  
Be reconciled to God ;  
Tells of propitiation made—  
Tells of the debt Immanuel paid,  
And cancelled with His blood.

Points to that willing Substitute,  
To whom the Father did impute  
The sin and guilt He loathed ;  
That in imputed righteousness,  
As in a beauteous, spotless dress,  
The sinner might be clothed.

---

And since each heavy-laden soul  
May thus on Christ its burden roll,  
    No sinner need despair ;  
For in His heart there still is room,  
And "whosoever will " may come  
    And find forgiveness there.

Ah ! blessed truths indeed are here,  
Well fitted human hearts to cheer—  
    Sin's slaves to disenthral.  
Yet, little do they comprehend  
The glorious gospel's scope or end  
    Who think that this is *all*.

They have but half a gospel learned  
Who ne'er in Jesus have discerned  
    Their Pattern, Teacher, King—  
Nor in their hearts their Lord enthroned,  
Loving His kingly power to own,  
    Hating the accursed thing :

*Sin*, primal cause of every woe,  
Deadly disease, that all below  
    Inherit at their birth ;  
Which, since its blight on Eden fell,  
Scorches, as with a blast from hell,  
    The fairest flowers of earth.

*Sin*, for which Jesu's blood alone—  
His precious life-blood—could atone,  
His sufferings expiate.  
Sure ! all who His salvation prove  
Will learn to love what He doth love,  
And hate what He doth hate.

The only faith that justifies  
The heart and spirit purifies,  
And ever works by love.  
It bids the soul victorious rise  
O'er this world and its vanities,  
Seeking true joys above.

Lord, give me faith to estimate  
The price paid to emancipate  
My soul from Satan's chain ;  
The spirit of my mind renew,  
Lest aught I think, or speak, or do,  
Should pierce Thy heart again.

To Thee, my Prophet, Priest, and King,  
I, as a free-will offering, bring  
A heart by Thee made free.  
May I henceforth Thy love proclaim,  
And seek to glorify Thy name,  
By living unto Thee !

### Look unto Jesus.



LOOK unto Jesus! weary restless heart,  
Long seeking rest, where rest can ne'er  
be found;  
Jesus alone can lasting peace impart,  
In Him, all pardoning grace and love abound.

Look unto Jesus! turn thy tearful eyes  
From gazing on that fount of sin within;  
Look to the spotless bleeding sacrifice:  
That Lamb was slain to take away thy sin.

Look unto Jesus! He's the "living way"  
By which each pardoned sinner enters heaven;  
Look, then, and live! *now* is salvation's day,  
Look up in faith, and have thy sins forgiven.

Look unto Jesus! for that beauteous dress,  
Arrayed in which the saints in glory shine,  
Clothed in the robe of Jesus' righteousness,  
A Holy God views thee with looks benign.

Look unto Jesus ! in His truth confide,  
In Him, and Him alone, thou art complete ;  
By Him thou'rt washed, and saved, and justified,  
And for thy rich inheritance made meet.

Look unto Jesus ! follow prayerfully  
The bright example of thy Saviour-God ;  
In love and zeal, and deep humility,  
O, learn to follow where His steps have trod.

Look unto Jesus ! He thy Captain knows,  
The struggles hidden from thine earthly friend ;  
He sees thy conflicts with indwelling foes ;  
He'll make thee more than conqueror in the end.

Look unto Jesus ! when thy sky is clear,  
When hopes like budding flow'rets strew thy  
way,  
When all combines to render this world dear,  
And twine thy heart-strings round loved forms  
of clay.

Look unto Jesus ! *then*, and seek His grace  
To make thee know thy being's aim and end ;—  
A pilgrim towards a heavenly resting-place,—  
Should not thy hopes and yearnings homeward  
tend ?

Look unto Jesus ! when the storm-clouds lower,  
When waves of anguish nigh o'erwhelm thy  
soul ;

Look upward in that dark, distressing hour,  
To Him who doth the raging storm control.

Look unto Jesus ! Lo, within the veil,  
Thy great High Priest, the true atonement pleads ;  
And lest thy faith, when sorely tried should fail,  
He as thine Advocate still intercedes.

Look unto Jesus ! when thy failing breath  
Announces thy last dreaded conflict near,  
Thy faithful Shepherd holds the keys of death ;  
Leaning on Him, e'en *then*, thou need'st not fear.

Look unto Jesus ! when the Archangel's voice  
Proclaims aloud that time no more shall be ;  
Then lift thy head : thy Saviour reigns ! rejoice !  
For thou art His throughout eternity.



**"Faint, yet Pursuing."**

JUDGES viii. 4.



FAINT, yet pursuing " onward, onward  
pressing,  
Looking to Jesus, tho' with tear-dimmed  
eyes.

Wrestle, O Christian, to obtain the blessing—  
Press towards the mark and win the glorious  
prize.

Strait is the pathway to the heavenly portal,  
And mists may oft obscure the narrow way,  
But when it issues in the life immortal  
Earth's twilight brightens into perfect day.

"Faint, yet pursuing," all thy trust reposing  
In Him who put Hell's legion hosts to flight,  
The shield of Faith to every dart opposing,  
Since foes, tho' routed, still will turn and smite.  
Fear not, the Breaker has gone up before thee,  
And thou, through Him, shalt more than conqueror be,

His unseen presence still is watching o'er thee,  
His everlasting arms encircle thee.

"Faint, yet pursuing," tho' the path may lead thee  
Through the cold river, or the kindling flame,  
Be sure for every grief there is a need-be,  
His glory and thy profit are His aim.  
A pilgrim now, thou toilest on in sadness,  
Oppressed by outward foes, and inward fears,  
But soon thy mourning shall be turned to  
gladness,  
And God Himself shall wipe away thy tears.

"Faint, yet pursuing," ne'er the charge surrender,  
But high the ensign of the Cross uprear,  
Christ is thy forerunner, thy strong defender,  
Thy sun and shield, then wherefore should'st  
thou fear.  
His look of love thy failing strength shall rally,  
His arm support thee through the dreaded strife,  
He'll gently lead thee through the gloomy valley,  
Safe to the regions of eternal life.

"Faint, yet pursuing" through great tribulation  
Yon white-robed throng attained the joys of  
heaven,  
Tho' Jesus arm *alone* brought them salvation,  
And for *His* suffering's sake they were forgiven.

So thou, if guided by the self-same Spirit,  
The like felicity shalt surely gain—  
That rest which purchased by thy Saviour's merit  
For ever and for ever shall remain.

E'en now His angels are thy path attending,  
Tho' undiscernible to mortal eyes—  
Angels, the victor's palm and crown extending,  
Await thee in the heavenly paradise.  
There thou shalt find thy latest conflict ended,  
There shall each fear and dark foreboding cease,  
There thou shalt see before thy gaze extended,  
A boundless realm of love, and joy, and peace.



### The Hiding Place.

*"And a man shall be as an hiding place from the wind,  
and a covert from the tempest; as rivers of water in  
a dry place, as the shadow of a great rock in a weary  
land."—ISAIAH xxxii. 2.*



HEN to the wanderer's troubled soul

No ray of hope appears,  
When Sinai's awful thunders roll  
Portentous in his ears ;

When on his poor defenceless head  
The foe's fierce strokes descend,  
And clouds around his pathway spread  
To his confusion tend ;

Oh, whither in that awful hour  
For safety can he flee ?  
Where find a sheltering rock and tower,  
If not, O Christ, in Thee ?

But Thou in mercy dost invite  
The weary and distressed,  
And all whom Sinai's fires affright  
To come to Thee for rest.

And over him who comes, Thou wilt  
Thy sheltering ægis spread ;  
Wilt free him from his load of guilt,  
And raise his drooping head :

Wilt from perennial hidden springs  
His thirsty soul supply ;  
And with a banquet of good things  
His hunger satisfy ;

Wilt, in the fulness of Thy grace,  
Thy promise, Lord, perform,  
And be to him a hiding-place,  
A covert from the storm.

Jesus ! the contrite soul's retreat  
Where till all storms are past,  
Is found a refuge from the heat,  
And from the withering blast :

Thou Smitten Rock ! who dost endure  
Unchanged 'mid tempest's roar,  
Hide me, that I may dwell secure  
Now and for evermore.

### "The True Rest."

*"Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden,  
and I will give you rest."*—ST. MATT. xi. 28.

*"For we which have believed do enter into rest."*—  
HEB. iv. 3.



RIEND of the friendless, Guardian of the  
poor,  
Who turn'st no beggar hungry from  
Thy door,

Who dost invite the weary and oppressed  
To come to Thee, that Thou may'st give them rest.

*I'm very weary ! over life's rough road  
Too long I've toiled beneath a heavy load ;  
Surely to me that message is addressed—  
"Come unto Me, and I will give you rest."*

Who is it speaks that sweet, that cheering word ?  
'Tis Jesus Christ, our loving, gracious Lord,  
Who left His throne that sinners might be blest,  
And weary souls find pardon, peace, and rest.

He came our load of sin and guilt to bear ;  
He came our sorrows and our griefs to share ;  
Yet when the Son of God became our guest,  
He found but little welcome—little rest.

When on the Cross in agony He died,  
His "arms of mercy" still extended wide,  
Seemed to invite the weary and distressed  
To come to Him for shelter and for rest.


The dying thief then hanging at His side  
Heard the glad news, and on His word relied ;  
He saw his *sins*, his *Saviour* he confessed,  
And with his Lord his new-born soul found rest.

Now up to glory Jesus Christ has gone,  
Because His great atoning work is done ;  
Yet *still* He speaks those words so true and blest,  
"Come unto Me, and I will give you rest."

"Whate'er thy burden cast it *all* on Me ;  
Doubt not My will and power to set thee free :  
Laden with sin, by Satan sorely pressed,  
Turn, turn, poor wanderer, to the offered rest.

"Come, and I'll wash thy sin and guilt away,  
And in My righteousness thy soul array ;  
Delay no more, unpardoned sinners, lest  
Ye never find the true the *only* rest."

Thy gracious call, Thy warning I have heard ;  
Lord, I believe, I take Thee at Thy word.  
Oh, let me lean upon Thy loving breast,  
And in Thy finished work find perfect rest.



### The Christian Life.

*"Words show what the Christian should be;  
Deeds show what he is."*



THE Christian lives in Jesus,  
For he, by grace divine,  
Is like a branch united  
Unto the Living Vine;  
Whence nourishment receiving,  
He lives, and grows, and thrives;  
The branch most fair and fruitful  
Naught from itself derives.

The Christian lives to Jesus;  
'Tis his desire and aim,  
By thought, and word, and action,  
To glorify His name:  
Bewailing his shortcomings,  
He striveth to fulfil,  
E'en as the holy angels,  
His gracious Master's will.



The Christian lives *by* Jesus,  
Whose precious blood was shed  
To raise to life immortal  
Souls that in sins were dead :  
Now to all true believers,  
Their Saviour freely gives  
The life that never endeth—  
They live because He lives.

The Christian lives *with* Jesus,  
Who e'en doth condescend  
To call a pardoned sinner  
His brother—sister—friend ;  
And hours of sweet communion  
Are to the pilgrim given  
As earnest and as foretastes  
Of life with Christ in Heaven.

The Christian lives *for* Jesus ;  
The hour is drawing near,  
When He the heavenly Bridegroom  
In glory shall appear ;  
Then, *then* for His soul's travail  
He shall be satisfied ;  
Yea, He shall joy with singing  
Over His ransomed Bride.

### “The Cross.”

*“If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself,  
and take up his Cross daily and follow Me.”—  
ST. MATT. xvi. 24.*



TAKE up thy cross, my soul, if thou  
would'st know  
The secret of true blessedness and rest ;  
Think of thy Father's wisdom, love, and power,  
And rest assured His will must needs be best.

*Take up* thy cross, drag it not slothfully,  
With sad, reluctant mien and plaint forlorn :  
Deem not a Father's needful discipline  
A punishment too grievous to be borne.

'Tis His prerogative thy cross to choose ;  
'Tis thine from His own hands that cross to  
take,  
And humbly acquiescing in His will,  
To bear it gladly for thy Master's sake.

Thou hast no option, thou thy cross must bear ;  
But, ah ! beware lest thou the *blessing* lose,  
See that the *moral choice*—the *will*—accepts  
And welcomes lovingly what He doth choose.

And oh ! my soul, take heed lest thou with scorn  
Thy little daily crosses dost despise ;  
Taken up willingly and meekly borne,  
These fit man for his crown—that blood-bought  
prize.

Spirit Omnipotent ! Giver of grace !  
Thou who dost work in us to will and do  
Of Thy good pleasure, by Thy mighty power,  
The workings of my wayward will subdue !

Help me to welcome with a cheerful trust  
The little crosses that each day doth bring ;  
Not waiting for some heavier one to prove  
My heart's allegiance to my heavenly King.

Help me to find my truest happiness  
In bending mine own will, good Lord, to Thine  
Until at length in heaven my will shall be  
Wholly conformed unto the Will Divine.

[Suggested by a passage in Dr. Goulburn's "Thoughts on Personal Religion," page 252.]

## Teach me to do Thy Will.

PSALM cxviii. 10.



EACH me to do Thy will, O Lord,  
Be Thou my Counsellor and Guide,  
The help of Thy right hand afford,  
Lest from Thy paths my footsteps slide.

Teach *me*, for though by sin defiled,  
A child of Adam's fallen race,  
Yet am I not Thy pardoned child ?  
Thine by adoption and by grace ?

Teach me *to do*, not merely know,  
Thy holy, wise, and gracious will ;  
Be it my aim while here below,  
My Father's precepts to fulfil.

Teach me to do *Thy will*, not mine,  
Teach me therein to take delight ;  
Yea, gladly mine own will resign,  
Resting assured Thy will is right.


**Cast thy Bread upon the Waters.**

ECCLES. xi. 1.



CAST thy bread upon the waters,  
Precious seed in plenty sow,  
Even where to thee it seemeth,  
Waving crops can never grow :  
God alone can give the increase,  
Yet it is His plain command,  
That His true and faithful servants  
Sow with an unsparing hand.

Cast thy bread upon the waters,  
Though before the fruits be seen,  
For the proof of faith and patience,  
Many days may intervene :  
Trust in Him who deigns to use thee,  
And His promise bear in mind,  
“ After many days ” of waiting,  
Thou a recompence shalt find.



Cast thy bread upon the waters ;  
Labour with a single eye,  
To the honour of thy Master,  
Who for thee vouchsafed to die ;  
Work, constrained by love so boundless,  
Looking only for success,  
Unto Him who never faileth,  
Works of faith to own and bless.

Cast thy bread upon the waters ;  
Glorious thy reward shall be  
When at length, all safely garnered,  
Thou the ripened sheaves shalt see ;  
Weary not then in well-doing,  
Trust that "after many days,"  
Thou, through grace shalt join the reapers  
In their Harvest-hymn of praise.

**“The Wandering Sheep.”**

*“I have gone astray like a lost sheep; seek thy servant.”—PSALM cxix. 176.*



ESUS, Good Shepherd! hear my cry!  
Lead back Thy wandering sheep;  
And henceforth in the narrow way,  
My faltering footsteps keep.

For I, with grief and shame confess,  
That I have gone astray,  
And from the paths of righteousness,  
Have wandered far away.

O Thou who cam'st to save the lost,—  
The wanderers to restore;  
To teach Thy sheep to follow Thee—  
Thy pity I implore!

Save, or I perish! Lord of love!  
All human help is vain;  
Save me! nor let mine enemy  
The mastery regain!

O lead me to the living streams  
That issue from the Rock,  
To the pure wholesome pasturage,  
Where Thou dost feed Thy flock.

That flock, which from eternity,  
By covenant was Thine,  
Which Thou didst purchase with Thy blood,  
And save by grace divine.

That little flock who know Thy voice,  
And move at Thy command :  
Who ne'er shall perish, since no foe  
Can pluck them from Thy hand.

That flock which in the fold above,  
Soon from all toil shall rest,  
And in the sunshine of Thy love  
For evermore be blest.

Shepherd and Bishop of my soul !  
My all I would confide  
Unto Thy keeping, O be Thou  
In life, in death, my Guide.

Restore my soul ; nor suffer me  
From the right path to roam :  
But keep me, keep me near Thy side,  
And lead me safely Home !



**"Wings like a Dove."**

*"Oh that I had wings like a dove ! for then would I flee away."—PSALM lv. 6.*

*"Set your affection on things above, not on things on the earth."—COL. iii. 2.*



H for the silvery pinions of a dove !  
 Upwards to soar  
 To Him whom though unseen my soul  
 doth love,  
 Whom hosts adore !  
 In yon pure realms above,  
 No sin, my soul should move  
 For evermore.

Yet if it be my heavenly Father's will  
 That I should stay,  
 A little while a toiling pilgrim still  
 On life's highway,  
 I would that will fulfil,  
 Patiently waiting, till  
 Called hence away.

Grant that in everything my will may be  
Conformed to Thine :  
In all Thy dealings help me, Lord, to see  
Thy hand Divine :  
'Midst earth's obscurity,  
Oh, make Thy face on me  
Brightly to shine.

On wings of faith and hope, let me oft rise,  
Good Lord, to Thee :  
Until from sin and earth's ensnaring ties  
By Thee set free, .  
I soar beyond the skies,  
And see with unveiled eyes  
Thy Majesty !



### Return unto thy Rest.

*"Come, and let us return unto the Lord: for He hath torn, and He will heal us; He hath smitten, and He will bind us up."*—HOSEA vi. 1.



YEA, Lord, I would to Thee return,  
For Thou no contrite heart wilt spurn;  
None e'er was sent unblest away  
Who came by Christ, "the living way."

Oh! wondrous mercy! wondrous love!  
That the great King who reigns above  
Should say to rebels such as I,  
"Turn ye and live, why will ye die?"

Yea, all day long with outstretched hands  
He as a loving Father stands,  
Inviting each rebellious child  
For Christ's sake, to be reconciled.

The Spirit and the Bride say "Come;"  
His servants say "there yet is room"—  
The great physician doth ensure  
To all who come, a perfect cure.

He who hath torn will also heal ;  
He who in mercy made me feel  
The mortal sickness of my soul,  
In mercy waits to make me whole.

The day of grace will soon be gone,  
The day of wrath is hastening on,  
When He who now bids sinners " Come,"  
Will say " Depart," to your just doom.

Then wherefore, O my soul, delay  
When Jesus bids thee come *to-day* ?  
And ere to-morrow's sun shall rise  
Peace may be hidden from thine eyes.

Arise, my soul, He calleth thee,  
Now to His " arms of mercy " flee,  
And He, thy long dishonoured Lord,  
Wilt prove e'en better than His word.

“Be Still.”

**B**E still, rebellious heart, be still,  
And stay thee on thy God;  
Make Thou His holy will thy will,  
And learn to kiss the rod.

Should it not comfort thee to know  
The rod is in His hand  
Who guideth thee through weal and woe  
Safe to the Fatherland?

### Chastened, but not Killed.



HO' chastened, not killed—for a Father's  
hand guides  
Each stroke as it falls on His weak,  
erring child ;  
He smites not in wrath, but in mercy He chides,  
And His loving correction is gentle and mild.  
Tho' often cast down, yet why should we despair ?  
Since Jesus will never His people forsake  
Till they reach the fair mansions He went to prepare,  
And there of His joy and His glory partake.

## The Burden.

*"Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and He shall sustain Thee."*—PSALM lv. 22.



H, cast thy burden on the Lord,  
Sinner oppressed with guilt and shame,  
For 'twas to bear thy load of sin away  
The spotless Lamb of God from glory came.

Oh, cast thy burden on the Lord !  
Are not those words to thee addressed,  
"Come all ye weary, heavy-laden souls,  
Come unto Me, and I will give you rest?"

Come, cast thy burden on the Lord !  
Else rest and peace thou ne'er canst know,  
Sin left unpardoned till thy day is past,  
Must doom thy soul to depths of endless woe.

Oh, cast thy burden on the Lord !  
Poor pilgrim, worn with toil and grief :  
Cast all thy care on Him who cares for thee,  
And in His love thy soul shall find relief.

Come, cast thy burden on the Lord,  
Who gave His Son for thee to die ;  
After so great a gift how can'st thou doubt  
That He will every needful thing supply ?

Go, cast thy burden on the Lord,  
Whate'er thy sorrow's cause may be,  
The wounded spirit, or the anguished frame—  
Thou ne'er can'st know what Jesus bore for thee.

Then cast thy burden on the Lord,  
His arm of strength shall thee sustain,  
Through all thy weary pilgrimage below,  
Till thou in Heaven the pilgrim's rest attain.





*“Sorrow turned into Joy.”*



E pilgrims sad and weary,  
To whom this world appears  
A desert lone and dreary—

A gloomy vale of tears—  
If ye with godly sorrow  
Are mourning, ye are blest,  
For soon a glorious morrow  
Shall bring you joy and rest.

One moment of Heaven's gladness  
Shall doubtless far outweigh  
The weariness and sadness  
Experienced by the way ;  
Yea, e'en the tribulations  
Through which your steps advance,  
Heaven's endless consolations,  
By contrast, will enhance.

Ye who now go forth weeping,  
And precious seed do bear,  
Shall at the time of reaping  
The joys of harvest share :

With exultation singing  
Ye doubtless then shall come,  
Your sheaves abundant bringing  
To the great harvest home.

But unto grief and trouble  
The fool's joy must be turned  
When worthless tares and stubble  
Shall in the fire be burned :  
They who in sloth or laughter  
The precious seed-time pass,  
Can hope to reap hereafter  
Naught but remorse, alas !

Ye who in Baca's valley  
Have living waters found  
Forth from its gloom shall sally  
As victors, to be crowned :  
Here, works your faith attested,  
Yonder, in raiment white  
Ye shall appear invested,  
And serve your Lord aright.

“ ’Tis I.”

**N**OW oft to storm-tossed spirits  
Has comfort been conveyed  
In those sweet words of Jesus :  
“ ’Tis I, be not afraid ! ”

The great “ I am ” is speaking  
In whom alone unite,  
In infinite perfection,  
Wisdom, and love, and might.

Unerring is His wisdom,  
Unfailing is His love—  
His power upholdeth all things  
Here, and in realms above.

In every tribulation  
Help me, my gracious Lord,  
To grasp in full assurance  
This precious three-fold cord—

Thy love, Thy power, Thy wisdom,  
On these my soul to rest,  
Feeling that Thy appointing  
Must needs be for the best.

If Thou, my Lord Almighty—  
The very God of *Love*—  
The *Only Wise*, the Faithful  
See fit my faith to prove,

However dark the prospect  
I need not be dismayed,  
If I but hear Thee whisper :  
“ ’Tis I, be not afraid.”

Be with me *now*, my Saviour !  
The storm comes on apace,  
Around me, in my weakness,  
Thine arms of mercy place.

Draw me, O draw me closer,  
Still nearer to Thy heart ;  
Soon morn shall break : then grant me  
To see Thee as Thou art.

“All is Well.”



ALL is well ! there is a need-be  
 For whate'er our Heavenly Friend  
 Shall in His unerring wisdom  
 To His home-bound exiles send.

All is well ! Oh, blest assurance !  
 Speaking comfort in the hour  
 When around our foundering vessel  
 Threatening tempests darkly lower.

All is well ! I'll fear no evil,  
 Since *my Father* holds the helm,  
 He will never, never, suffer  
 Aught my soul to overwhelm.

All is well ! My God and Saviour  
 Guides the tempest with His Hand,  
 Wind and storm obey His mandate,  
 Lightnings flash at His command.

All is well ! amidst the tumult  
 I His still small voice can hear  
 Whispering to my inmost spirit :  
 “Peace, be still ! be of good cheer.”

---

All is well ! since Jesus loves me,  
He will love me to the end ;  
He can make both storm and sunshine  
To my onward progress tend.

All is well ! for so He bringeth  
Storm-tost mortals to the shore,  
Calm and peaceful, pure and holy,  
Where they would be evermore.



### Strangers and Pilgrims.



TRANGERS and pilgrims here on earth,  
'Midst changing scenes we roam,  
Cheered by anticipations bright  
Of our eternal home :

For every grief we here endure,  
If sanctified and blest,  
Will but enhance the blessedness  
Of that calm, heavenly rest.

And every gleam that gilds our path  
Is as a foretaste given—  
An earnest of far better things  
Reserved for us in Heaven.

Send forth thy Spirit, gracious Lord,  
Our joys and sorrows bless ;  
That joys may lure, and sorrows goad,  
And make us *onward* press.

Onward and upward by the road  
Christ our Forerunner trod,  
That leads to our much-longed-for home,  
The Paradise of God.

### The Anchor.



HOUGH by rough billows tossed  
On life's tempestuous sea,  
No soul was ever lost  
While clinging unto Thee ;  
Jesu ! be Thou to me when billows roll,  
A sure and steadfast anchor of the soul !

Then, though dark clouds may rise,  
And doubts my spirit fill,  
Dimming these longing eyes,  
This thought my heart shall still—  
Thou, who the wildest tempest canst control,  
Art pledged to be the anchor of my soul.

When earthly comforts fail ;  
And much-loved friends are gone ;  
When inward foes assail,  
O leave me not alone !  
Help me, on Thee my griefs and cares to roll,  
And find in Thee an anchor for my soul !



And grant when life is past,—  
And the rough voyage o'er,  
Safe sheltered from the blast  
On yonder peaceful shore,  
I then may sing while countless ages roll,  
Praise to the Saviour of the sinking soul !



“The Right Way.”

*“He led them forth by the right way, that they might go  
to a city of habitation.”—PSALM cviii. 7.*



HERE is a path—a narrow path—  
Rough and uneven is the ground,  
There bitter herbs in plenty grow,  
And lacerating thorns abound.

A cruel foe infests the land  
Through which this toilsome pathway winds,  
And each alluring bait he spreads  
For such as in the path he finds.

The travellers along this road,  
Are naught but weakness at the best,  
And, worst of all, a treacherous foe  
Lies hid within each pilgrim's breast.

Say, then, what mortal, thus beset  
By foes without, and foes within  
Can dream of final victory,  
Or hope the distant goal to win?

Ah, faithless heart ! dost thou forget  
That faithful, that Almighty Friend,  
Who never will forsake His own,  
Nor cease to love them to the end ?

His faithfulness, His love and power  
Are pledged in the defence of those,  
Who feeling their own helplessness,  
On His veracity repose.

Their fainting spirits He upholds  
'Midst snares, and dangers, and alarms ;  
He gently leads them by the hand,  
Or bears them in His sheltering arms ;

And pointing ever towards that Home,  
Where every harassment shall cease,  
He gives e'en in the wilderness  
Sweet foretastes of Heaven's joy and peace.

Oh happy, happy, pilgrim band,  
Who walk by faith and not by sight !  
Soon shall ye reach the promised land,  
And see that all the way was right.

The path of safety 'twill be found,  
Though now with seeming perils rife,  
The path which through death's shadowy vale  
Leadeth to everlasting life :

Strait though the gate, 'tis wide enough  
For such as are content to leave  
Their guilty load,—their filthy rags,—  
And *thus* Heaven's rich, free gift receive.

And earth's most bitter herbs may prove  
A precious medicine to the soul,  
In Christ, the great Physician's hands,  
They all conduce to make it whole.

There is a need-be for each thorn,  
By which an earth-bound soul is driven  
From the soft nest of worldly ease,  
To wing its upward flight to Heaven.

And though by enemies beset,  
No harm that pilgrim can betide  
Who has the mighty Conqueror,  
The Lord Jehovah, on His side.

Weak, timorous, sin-stained, though he be,  
Yet trusting in his Leader's might,  
He keeps his heart with diligence,  
And waxes valiant in the fight.

Though wounded oft, and hardly pressed,  
"Faint, yet pursuing," on he hies,  
Nor deems the warfare lasts too long  
So he at length may grasp the prize ;

That glorious, blood-bought crown of life  
Which to the faithful shall be given,  
The patient followers of Him  
Who opened them the gates of Heaven.



### The Goal.



TOWARDS I'll look to Him who reigns  
Beyond yon changeful sky,  
He counts my tears, knows all my  
pains,

And hears my faintest sigh ;  
He draws me now with cords of love,  
And beckons me to joys above.

*Beneath* me, I with horror trace  
A dark abyss of woe,  
Of dread despair, the dwelling-place  
Where ruined souls must go :  
Fast bound in everlasting chains,  
No ray of hope can ease their pains.

*Behind* me lies the broken snare  
From which my soul is freed ;  
A captive, long I struggled there,  
But now I'm free indeed :  
Oh, may I prize the liberty  
Wherewith my Lord hath made me free.

Looking *around*, how soon I find  
Thousands more tried than I,  
Who yet, with hearts and wills resigned,  
On love divine rely :  
Ah ! not alone their cross they bear—  
Jesus vouchsafes its weight to share.

*Within* my heart remaining sin  
Still strives for mastery ;  
Yet shall His grace that reigns within  
At length victorious be ;  
From Satan's darts, from bosom-foes,  
He'll grant me soon complete repose.

For lo ! beyond a rest remains,  
When life's brief strife is o'er,  
Where high enthroned, my Saviour reigns  
Where sin disturbs no more :  
*There* shall the weary conflict cease,  
And naught shall mar Heaven's perfect peace.

Thus wheresoe'er I turn mine eyes,  
My Saviour and my God,  
I can some need-be recognize  
For Thine afflicting rod :  
Each stroke that lays me low doth prove  
Thy very faithfulness and love.

And, oh ! when reason fails to trace  
The hidden meaning, Lord,  
To me Thine own indwelling grace  
Sufficiently afford,  
To *love* Thee when Thy judgments lower,  
And *trust* Thee in the darkest hour.

Onward, still *onward*, let me press,  
And grasp the glorious prize ;  
If I am Christ's, then I possess  
A home beyond the skies.  
And what are troubles here, compared  
With endless joys in heaven prepared ?





### *A Birthday Address to a Dear Mother.*



ANOTHER year of life has passed away,  
Since last we welcomed here thy natal  
day;

And thou art spared thy children's hearts to  
cheer,

Our choicest earthly joy, our mother dear.

Long may'st thou live, and may we daily prove  
More loving, and more worthy of thy love.

Live, when with hoary hairs thy brow is crown'd,  
Blest, and diffusing blessings all around;

And when earth's ties must fail, oh, may we be  
By grace united through eternity.

Sure on this day our grateful hearts should raise  
An Ebenezer to our Maker's praise—

Learn from the past to hush our cares to rest,

Assured that all our Father does is best.

May He who hath preserved thee hitherto,

Vouchsafe to guide thee all thy journey through,

“Bless thee and keep thee” in the narrow way,

Until the dawning of an endless day ;

And may He cause the glorious light divine  
Of His own countenance on thee to shine ;  
“ And give thee peace,” that precious legacy,  
Which He who is our “ Peace ” bequeathed to  
thee :  
So shall life’s storms but drive thee towards the  
shore,  
Where winds, and waves, and storms disturb no  
more ;  
Where all thy sorrows, fears, and toils shall cease,  
In yon fair haven of unruffled peace.



*Felix.*

LENT TO HIS PARENTS FOR SEVEN MONTHS.

**F**ELIX, the happy — so they called their  
boy,  
In glad anticipation that his name  
Might prove for him and them a presage true.  
Full many an aspiration rose to heaven  
On his behalf, from his fond parents' hearts.  
They prayed that God would own and bless the  
child,  
And be his Guide along that narrow path,  
Where real blessedness alone is found,  
And lead him safely thro' life's chequered scenes,  
To perfect, endless, happiness above.  
Our Father heard and answered their hearts'  
prayers,  
E'en as His love and wisdom saw was best.  
Omniscient and Almighty ! loving Lord !  
It was Thy will that his fair infant brow,  
Where had been lately signed the soldier's badge,  
Should wear, for Jesu's sake, the *Victor's* crown.

It was Thy will ! his spirit heard the call,  
And e'en a tender mother's fond embrace  
Might not withhold him from his blessedness.  
Oh, ye bereavèd parents ! had you heard  
The joyous welcome to your angel-child—  
Could ye but know the fulness of his joy,  
Ye would forget your anguish in the thought,  
" Another heir of heaven is safe at home."  
Felix, the happy ! rightly wast thou named ;  
Still is it thine, in those bright realms above,  
Where unmixed happiness alone is found,  
Where thou art fully blest for evermore.



### On the Skylark.



HEAVENWARDS aspiring,  
With wing untiring,  
Praising her Maker with a joyous  
voice ;  
She bids thee, mortal,  
Press towards Heaven's portal,  
And on thy upward journey to rejoice.

### Grace.

"Lord, give me *grace* to feel my need of *grace*. Give me *grace* to ask for *grace*. Give me *grace* to receive *grace*; and, O Lord, when *grace* is given, give me *grace* to use it." \*

#### PARAPHRASE.



ORD, give me grace to feel my soul's condition,  
Incurable indeed;  
Unless in Jesus Christ, the great Physician,  
I find the help I need.

And give me grace, my sinfulness confessing,  
Still for more grace to pray,  
Through Jesus Christ, the source whence every  
blessing  
Flows to us day by day.

---

\* In these words a poor man in Fife was heard asking a blessing before partaking of food given him in charity.—See *Memoirs of the late Duchess of Gordon*.

And give me grace that I, Thy grace receiving,  
As a free gift from Heaven,  
May know the peace resulting from believing  
My sins to be forgiven.

And, O good Lord, when grace is freely granted,  
Let it not be in vain ;  
But where the standard of the Cross is planted  
Let grace triumphant reign.







DISCIPLINE.









## DISCIPLINE.



### *Illness.*

**T**OURS, days, weeks, months, yea *years* of  
weary pain  
Have passed since here a prisoner I have  
lain ;

Oh Father, since Thou dost Thy child detain  
Bound hand and foot as with a heavy chain,  
Do Thou with heavenly food my soul sustain,  
And make what seems my loss my truest gain.

I am *Thy* prisoner—no jailer stern  
Doth keep me here, no wrath towards me doth burn  
In Thy fond heart, which o'er Thy child doth yearn  
E'en while Thou smitest. When my grief shall  
turn

To joy, I in the light of Heaven shall learn  
Thy love in *every* dealing to discern.

And even *now* I *know* Thy will is best,  
Although the groans that often rend my breast  
The weakness of my nature still attest.  
Oh! let me have Thy Spirit for my guest;  
Let me by faith *now* enter into rest:  
Then, though a prisoner, I am truly blest.



## A Prayer for Upholding Grace.

PSALM xxv. 9.




THOU whose very chastisements  
Are blessings unto those  
Who on Thy covenant of grace  
In steadfast faith repose ;  
Who make the finished work of Christ  
Their only hope and plea,  
And, by His boundless love constrained,  
Obey Him heartily :

In sore distress to Thee I cry !  
My feeble faith uphold !  
And in Thy sheltering, loving arms  
Thy suffering child enfold !  
My groaning is not hid from Thee,  
Thou knowest all my grief,  
“ Lord, I believe,” yet still I pray,  
“ Help Thou mine unbelief.”

For surely it is unbelief  
That causes me to fear  
When Thou, the best of friends, hast said  
That Thou art always near ;  
That Thou from every hurtful thing  
Wilt Thy beloved defend,  
And that, whoever Thou dost love,  
Thou lovest to the end ;

That every day's allotted task  
Is fixed by Thy decree,  
And that proportioned to my need  
My daily strength shall be ;  
That all who cast on Thee their care  
Are sure to find relief,—  
Lord, I believe ! Lord, I believe !  
Help Thou mine unbelief !

Help me to realize the bliss  
Of that eternal home  
Where sin and sorrow, pain and death,  
And tears can never come ;  
Help me to fix my gaze beyond  
This transitory scene,  
On yonder realms, where all is true,  
And holy, and serene.



Open mine eyes, good Lord, to see—  
Attune mine ears to hear—  
That glorious ransomed company  
Who round thy throne appear.  
So shall the trials of the way  
Appear more light and brief—  
Lord, I believe! yet grant my prayer,  
And help mine unbelief!



“His Wonders in the Deep.”

ST. MARK vi. 45—51.



OUT of the deep to Thee I cry ;  
Oh ! Saviour let me feel Thee nigh,  
Thou know'st my spirit waxeth faint,  
Then, lest one murmur or complaint  
Wrung from my heart by mortal pain,  
Should seem Thy goodness to arraign,  
Now on the troubled waves appear,  
My weary, storm-tossed soul to cheer.

Dear Saviour ! when Thou didst constrain  
Thine own to launch upon the main  
Where they, by adverse billows foiled,  
Alone, all night in rowing toiled,  
Perchance they thought Thou didst forget  
Their watch on wild Gennesaret,  
Though Thou, through prayer all-prevalent,  
Effectual aid to them hadst sent.

But not till the last watch of night,  
Walking the waves to cheer their sight,  
Didst Thou appear; when through surprise  
They failed their Lord to recognize.  
Oh! then what peace Thy words conveyed  
“’Tis I, ’tis I, be not afraid.”  
How was the storm that late had raged  
At thine own “Peace, be still,” assuaged!

Like the disciples, weak and worn,  
I too am watching for the morn;  
And I am also tossed about  
Too oft by God-dishonouring doubt.  
Lord! to my troubled soul draw near,  
Dispel each dark foreboding fear,  
And let me in this time of need  
Find Thee a present help indeed.

And ever, midst the din and strife  
Of the tempestuous sea of life,  
May I Thy presence realize.  
Oh Jesus! who dost sympathize  
With Thy tried people in the woe  
And bitterness that each doth know;  
Ah! naught that soul need terrify  
That hears Thee whisper “It is I.”



"'Tis I, Omnipotent—all-wise—  
Who bade these mountain-waves arise.  
'Tis I, thy friend, I who am Love,  
Who by the storm thy faith doth prove ;  
Be still, let naught thy heart dismay,  
For, since the winds My voice obey,  
They soon shall bear thee to the shore  
Where storms shall ne'er disturb thee more."



### Jehovah-Nephi.

*“Who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases.”—PSALM ciii. 3.*



COME to the great Physician,  
Poor, weary, sin-sick soul,  
Come *now*, for He is waiting,  
Waiting to make thee whole.

Not only is He willing,  
But able to ensure  
To every one who cometh,  
A full and perfect cure.

Though thou possessest nothing,  
Nothing wherewith to pay,  
Yet do not turn despairing  
In thy distress away.

At a great price He purchased,  
That remedy, 'tis true,  
But *freely*, without money,  
He offers it to you.

Remember what it cost Him  
The blessing to obtain ;  
And shall His very life-blood,  
Be shed for Thee in vain ?


Fear not ! thy frame He knoweth,  
He for thy pain can feel.  
Why, then, from one so tender,  
Would'st thou thy wounds conceal ?

Renounce all other helpers,  
All other hope disown,  
Distrust thine own endeavours,  
And trust in Him alone.

Pour out thy heart before Him  
And tell Him all thy grief,  
And show that thou believest  
That He can grant relief.

Yea, He *alone* can give Thee  
That wonder-working balm,  
That cures the soul's diseases,  
And makes the spirit calm.

Nor will He e'er abandon  
What He doth undertake,  
But whole, and hale, and holy,  
Thy spirit He will make.



And soon He will remove Thee  
Unto that genial shore,  
Where thou shalt from relapses  
Be safe for evermore.

Come, then to this Physician,  
Poor trembling, sin-sick soul :  
Touch but in faith His garment,  
And Christ shall make thee whole.



### Earthliness.



WHEN I the eye of faith would raise,  
And fix on heavenly things my gaze,  
How grievous often 'tis to find  
What trifling thoughts disturb my mind!

When to the Cross I would repair  
And leave my every burden there,  
Dishonouring doubts too often prove  
How weak my faith! how cold my love!

Turn, gracious Lord, these wandering eyes  
From all terrestrial vanities  
That seek my spirit to ensnare,  
And tune my heart to praise and prayer.

Since in myself no health is found,  
Let thy free grace towards me abound,  
And cleanse me from the sin that clings  
Even to my most holy things.

Yea, cleanse the fountain of my heart,  
Bid each unhallowed thought depart;  
Set Thou my trammelled spirit free,  
And let me rise by faith to Thee.

Work in me, Lord, till every thought  
Into captivity is brought;  
Till all my powers allegiance pay  
And own Thy righteous sceptre's sway.

Not only pardoning grace afford;  
Extend Thy *healing* hand, O Lord,  
And let me in my inmost soul,  
Feel that Thy touch hath made me whole.

### A Prayer.



GOD of patience! give me strength to bear  
With cheerful, humble trust my daily  
cross ;

And even when its weight doth most oppress,  
Let me ne'er question Thine all-wise decree ;  
The lot Thou dost appoint is best for me.  
And for the *future*, shouldst Thou still see fit  
Through thorny paths to lead my faltering steps,  
Why should I fear to follow Thee, my Guide,  
My Heavenly Guide, who cannot lead astray ?  
Only do Thou, Good Shepherd, keep in sight,  
And when I linger draw me after Thee ;  
For if Thou hid'st Thy face, then all seems dark,  
I grope and stumble, trembling and perplexed,  
Till through the gloom Thy re-assuring smile  
Gleams forth once more—irradiates my path  
And brings a cheering sunshine to my soul.  
*Leaning* on Thee, I can my cross sustain,  
For Thou dost share its weight. Looking to Thee  
I need not fear the foes that lurk around,  
*Trusting* in Thee, no evil can betide.  
So, gracious Saviour, lead Thy pilgrim on  
Unto that rest Thy love has bought for me !

### Look unto the Hills.



CHRISTIAN awake ! arise ye, and depart  
For this is not your rest ! Lift up your  
heads

And look beyond this transitory scene !  
Hie to the mountain tops, above earth's mists,  
Then watch and pray ; so shall your eyes discern  
Glad indications of the coming morn,—  
The rising of the Sun of Righteousness.  
Oh be ye ready, waiting for your Lord,  
With girded loins and lamps that brightly burn  
Hasting the coming of the Son of God.  
Yea, tho' He tarry, wait, wait, watch and pray  
Because the vision will not tarry long ;  
For Christ hath said, " Surely, I quickly come."  
Accomplish shortly, blessed Lord, we pray,  
The sum of Thine elect ; and in that day  
When Thou mak'st up Thy jewels, oh may we  
Be found of Thee in peace, " unblamable."  
" All fair," yea, perfect through the comeliness



Thou putttest on Thine own ; with souls arrayed  
 In that "best robe," Thy perfect righteousness  
 (And only thus) can sinners meet the gaze  
 Of those pure eyes which cannot look on *sin* :  
 No spot nor wrinkle shall be found in those  
 Who are by faith united, Lord, to Thee :  
 Oh Great High Priest ! whose body-covering robe  
 Seamless throughout, conceals and shields from  
     harm  
 Each trembling sinner, who with faith sincere,  
 Has touched Thy garment's hem, *increase my*  
     *faith !*

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### Peace.

**THIS** peace is sure and perfect  
 Whose mind on God is stayed,  
 For when *He* giveth quietness  
 Who then can make afraid ?

O Prince of Peace ! my Saviour,  
 Grant that my soul may be,  
 Amid life's surging billows  
 Stayed evermore on Thee.

## Waiting.

*"It is good that a man should both hope and quietly wait  
for the salvation of God."*—LAMENTATIONS iii. 26.



OLD fast, my soul, upon the Lord,  
Be still and learn His time to wait,  
Hath He not promised in His word

Each longing soul to satiate?

'Tis for the needy and the poor  
The plenteous Gospel-feast is spread,  
And hungry, thirsty, craving souls  
Shall be refreshed and comforted.

These like God's Israel of old  
Shall be with food from heaven supplied,  
Though only in the Promised-land  
Can they be fully satisfied.

Then, O my soul, 'tis good for thee  
To wait in faith, and hope, and prayer,  
Firmly to grasp His promises  
And cheerfully thy cross to bear.

Each anxious, murmuring thought to still  
And in thy Saviour's love to rest  
Assured it is His gracious will  
Ere-long to make thee fully blest.

### Our High Priest.



WHEN earthly props and comforts fail,  
Or spiritual foes assail,  
Faith bids me look within the Veil,  
And see my Great High Priest, who there,  
Midst fragrant incense—clouds of prayer,  
My name upon His heart doth bear.  
He ever lives to intercede  
For His tried people in their need,  
While His own merits, He doth plead;  
Those merits peerless, infinite,  
So precious in the Father's sight,  
Who "as a Father" doth delight  
To welcome to His bosom all  
Who, lost and ruined by the fall,  
On Him, through Christ, for mercy call.  
*A Father's* love devised the way,  
By which His banished children may  
Approach, and ne'er be cast away.  
*Now*, in Christ Jesus reconciled,  
He speaks to me in accents mild,  
And calls me His adopted child.

*Thus*, Father, I draw near Thy throne,  
And every other claim disown,  
But Jesu's righteousness alone.  
In *life*, the work so nobly done—  
In *death*, the glorious victory won—  
The life, the death, of Thy dear Son :  
These, these *alone*, I plead with Thee,  
They form an all-sufficient plea.  
Oh, then, have mercy, Lord, on me.  
And, Holy Father, I implore  
That Thou would'st daily more and more,  
In me, Thine image lost restore,  
And fit me, through transforming grace,  
To dwell in that most holy place,  
Where Thy beloved behold Thy face.

### Sunday Morning in a Sick-Room.



OW sweet the music of those Sabbath  
bells !

Now softly breathed—now pealed forth  
full and clear,  
As borne of zephyrs over hills and dells,  
In undulating strains 'tis wafted here.

As 'twere an echo from celestial choirs,  
In yonder home of harmony above,  
Where shining seraphs strike their golden lyres,  
And swell the praises of Redeeming Love.

But tho' the music of this sin-cursed sphere,  
It speaks of mercy to our ruined race ;  
For thus the King of kings invites us near,  
And calls us to approach His throne of grace.

How blest are they who hear the joyful sound !  
Thrice blest, if on this special audience-day,  
With lowly hearts they in His courts are found,  
To seek His help and their glad homage pay.

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For Thou has promised, Lord, where two or three  
Assemble in Thy name with one accord,  
Thou in the midst of them wilt surely be,  
Waiting Thy choicest blessings to afford ;

And there the ambassadors of Heaven proclaim  
Pardon and peace to all who will apply  
To Him who, for our sakes, bore grief and shame,  
And in our stead the accursed death did die.

Bless, Lord, the seed that shall this day be sown,  
And bless the labourers in Thy harvest-field ;  
Bless all who hear ; break up the hearts of stone,  
That they the fruits of righteousness may yield.

And those who, of this ordinance deprived,  
Are panting now to reach the cheering stream,  
Where oft their thirsty souls have been revived  
With draughts 'drawn from the Well of Life  
supreme :

No more they share the public means of grace,  
Yet on their souls a special blessing pour ;  
Be evermore to them a hiding place—  
A sanctuary—till life's storms are o'er.

No soul need languish for the "nether streams"  
That hath free access to the Fountain-head;  
And he is rich, how poor soe'er he seems,  
Who by Thy hand with heavenly food is fed.

Thy presence realized, dispels all gloom,  
And takes from solitude all loneliness;  
Makes e'en a desert land with roses bloom,  
And to a "Bethel" turns the wilderness.

Thence to the Mercy-seat each heartfelt prayer,  
Midst fragrant clouds of incense, swift ascends;  
For by the Great High Priest 'tis offered there,  
Who with the prayers His precious merits  
blends.

Lord of the Sabbath! hear Thy prisoner's cry  
Ascending from this sick-room's chastened  
shade,  
Out of Thy fulness all my need supply,  
And in my weakness be Thy strength displayed.

Jesus! thou Sun of Righteousness, arise,  
And cheer my soul with Thy reviving ray;  
Shine thro' the mists that dim these longing eyes,  
Till every fear and doubt is chased away.

Yea, let me know this day the joy and peace  
Of leaning, gracious Saviour, on Thy breast;  
Help me from all self-righteous works to cease,  
And find, *in Thee*, the soul's Sabbath rest.

And grant me patience cheerfully to bear  
My daily cross, chosen, good Lord by Thee;  
I know 'tis well, for Thou wilt hear my prayer,  
And cause Thy mighty power to rest on me.

Thou, through the High and Holy one, dost deign  
To dwell within the contrite sinner's heart.  
*Thus* may Thy Spirit o'er my spirit reign,  
*Thus* Lord, do Thou, Thyself to me impart.

Guide Thou my footsteps in the heavenward road,  
And more and more my soul for Heaven pre-  
pare,  
Until at length I reach Thy blest abode,  
And spend a blissful, endless Sabbath there.



## Thoughts

SUGGESTED BY THE REMARK—"HOW SAD AND  
DARK THE DAYS MUST APPEAR."



HINK you 'tis *sad* that I should suffering  
lie,

While the bright summer hours are  
gliding by?

That I no more those social joys may share,  
Which from the brow erase the lines of care?  
Nor any longer those loved accents hear  
That once seemed sweetest music to my ear?  
Because no more on lovely scenes I gaze,  
That echo to the heart their Maker's praise?  
Because no more in bursting bud and flower  
I trace the gracious Love, the wond'rous Power,  
Of Him who from His throne benignant bends,  
And to His humblest creatures' wants attends?  
'Tis true that oft in memory I dwell  
Midst those fair scenes I ever loved so well;  
But shall the pleasant things of bygone years  
Cause bitter memories—unavailing tears?

Shall joys departed turn to present pain  
Because I ne'er may see the like again ?  
Nay, rather would I tune my heart to praise  
For *retrospective* joys of former days,  
Well knowing He who gave and now denies  
Is still the same Almighty—loving—wise.  
If I am His, I leave to Him the rest,  
Since all *my Father* doth must needs be best.  
And, oh, the eye of faith in *prospect* sees  
Realms purer, nobler, lovelier far than these,  
Fair realms of rest and true felicity ;  
When all who love their Lord His face shall see.  
Blest land ! where *sin*, with all its bitter train  
Of suffering, can ne'er disturb again.  
Each transient glimpse of heaven is joy to me !  
What must the blessing of *possession* be !  
You say 'tis *dark*, because no sunbeam bright  
Can gladden now my feeble, aching sight.  
But, oh, the Source of Light and Life is here !  
And He, and *He alone*, my soul can cheer.  
He is my Comforter, my Friend, my Guide.  
My every want is by His love supplied.  
He blesses me, He makes the light divine  
Of His own countenance on me to shine.  
He gives such peace as none can give beside,  
To purchase which Immanuel lived and died—

Sweet, lasting peace, that precious legacy  
Which He, the Prince of Peace, bequeathed to  
me.

Sometimes, alas ! thick earth-born mists arise,  
And for a season veil Him from my eyes ;  
Yet midst the gloom my Father's hand I feel,  
I know 'tis His, though He His face conceal.  
While He upholds I'm safe, altho' my tears  
Cease not to flow till His bright smile appears.  
And, oh, to trust my God in that dark day,  
And on His *faithfulness* my soul to stay.  
Oh, *then* to know in whom I have believed,  
To know He changes not—He ne'er deceived.  
*Here* is firm ground whereon to wait and pray,  
Till His own light shall chase the gloom away.  
When storms rage high and waves of anguish roll  
In quick succession o'er my troubled soul,  
When death-fraught arrows gleam athwart the sky,  
And my frail bark is tossed in agony,  
How often midst the storm I seem to hear  
A still, small voice say, "Fear not, I am near."  
My Saviour-God ! who once in human form  
Walked on the waves, and guidest still the storm,  
Who instantly these threatening waves canst calm,  
Or midst the storm wilt keep Thine own from  
harm,

Say ever to my soul, "Peace, peace, be still."  
And to Thine own conform my wayward will.  
And may each billow drive me toward the shore,  
Where stormy winds and waves disturb no more,  
Where every fear, and doubt, and toil shall cease,  
In that blest land where reigns eternal peace. '




### To an Afflicted Friend.



H, weary, way-worn pilgrim,  
Who at thy Lord's command,  
Makest this world the pathway  
Unto a better land.

Think not the way is lonely,  
Think not thy life is drear,  
Remember God, thy Saviour,  
Is every moment near.

Trust Him, thy faithful Shepherd,  
E'en when He hides His face ;  
Trust, though thy blinded vision  
Cannot His footsteps trace.  
Trust in the Lord for ever  
Through all thy journey's length,  
For in the Lord Jehovah  
Is everlasting strength.



Long has the darkness lasted,  
But soon the glorious day  
Of thy complete redemption  
Shall chase all gloom away.  
Look up in faith and patience,  
So shalt thou soon descry  
The first faint streaks of morning  
Gilding the eastern sky.

Soon shall the King of Glory  
Return in royal state,  
To bless those faithful servants,  
Who for His coming wait ;  
Then keep the lamp replenished,  
In patient hope be strong,  
For though He seems to tarry,  
He will not tarry long !



### The Jewels.



WHOM will the Lord of Hosts delight  
In that great day to own ?  
Who shall reflect His glory bright  
Around the eternal throne ?

Those, who in every land and age,  
By grace through faith lay claim  
Unto the glorious heritage  
Of those who fear His name.

Those who His attributes revere ;  
To think thereon delight ;  
And strive to make their faith appear  
By serving God aright.

These are the jewels that the Lord  
In mercy deigns to own,  
On high, He doth their names record,  
Though by the world unknown.

Kept by the power of God, they stand,  
Whose names are thus enrolled,  
For "in the hollow of His hand"  
His jewels He doth hold.

Thence none can pluck them, there concealed  
No foe can injure them,  
Yet they ere long shall be revealed,  
To grace His diadem.

Inestimable was the price,  
He for their ransom gave,  
Unspeakable the sacrifice  
It cost *one* soul to save.

No beauty had these gems to boast,  
Lost and defiled were they,  
But Jesus sought them out when lost,  
And washed their filth away.

Nor will His spirit e'er neglect  
The work He hath begun ;  
But polish them till they reflect  
The brightness of the Sun.

And though they shine but dimly now  
In this world's atmosphere,  
When raised to their Redeemer's brow  
All fair they shall appear.




Oh' Saviour! can it be Thy will,  
Thus plenteously to bless  
My soul, which though redeemed, is still  
So marred with earthliness?

If "scarcely saved," saved "as by fire,"  
Ah! how can such as I,  
Without presumption e'er aspire  
To dignities so high?

Precious Redeemer! since Thy grace  
Is boundless, rich and free,  
Thou canst prepare me for the place  
Thou hast reserved for me.

And unto Thee, my Lord and King  
Shall endless praise resound,  
Who will to glory safely bring  
Each jewel Thou hast found.

## The Believer's Hope in the Prospect of Death.

RE long the silver cord must be un-  
loosed  
Which, till my Saviour wills, detains my  
soul,

Like some prized jewel in a casket hid,  
A *jewel* though unpolished and unset—  
Yet in His sight who bought it, *precious* still  
And through some faint reflection of His beams  
Destined ere long, to deck His diadem.  
The golden bowl must soon in fragments lie  
Tho' nothing can one grain of gold destroy :  
The pitcher at the fount must cease to pour  
The vital current through this sentient frame :  
“Dust shall return to dust,” then the freed soul  
Shall swift return to God from whom she came;  
The life-long conflict o'er—the victory won—  
Yea, more than conqueror thro' Him who died  
To vanquish death, and place immortal joys  
Within our reach. What glorious liberty  
From every taint of sin, the soul shall feel !

Oh sin ! thou subtle poison, which through life  
Dost still infect each motive, thought and deed !  
Oh sin ! thou cause of every human woe !  
To atone for which required Immanuel's blood !  
*Then*, no dark cloud of unbelief or death  
Shall mar the soul's communion with her God :  
No tears mix with the prayer, "Thy will be done,"  
For I shall know no other will but His.  
Oh sweet emancipation ! Blessed rest !  
To lay aside this load that weighs me down,  
This weary, restless, worn and tortured frame,  
With all its pains and sorrows, tears and groans,  
For none of these can have a place in Heaven.  
My soul ! vex not thyself with anxious thought  
How thou canst with the body re-unite :  
Is aught too hard for God ? Only believe—  
Believe the word of Him who cannot lie :  
All that is needful clearly is revealed,  
And for the rest, oh trust thy gracious God,  
Yea, trust thy God in death as well as life,  
If thou art Christ's, all that is good is thine,  
Only *be sure* that thou art now in Him,  
Then death shall not divide thee ; thou shalt sleep  
In Jesus, and henceforth thou shalt reign  
In glorious bliss, for ever with thy Lord !

“Sorrow not.”



COULD we know the joys that burst  
Upon the Christian when he dies,  
O could we hear th' angelic choir  
Chanting His welcome to the skies,  
Or see the glory there revealed  
That ne'er was seen by mortal eyes ;  
Methinks our grief would turn to joy.  
Each murmur be at once suppressed,  
Assurance of his endless gain  
Would hush our selfish hearts to rest.  
And midst our loss we would rejoice  
To know that our beloved are blest.

*“Eye hath not Seen.”*



RECALL to thy mind's eye the fairest scene  
Ever revealed to thine enraptured gaze,  
That beauteous scene which oft in dreams  
gleams forth  
From some secluded cell of memory,  
When viewed through fancy's medium, it appears  
Veiled in a haze of ideality.  
Once more, recall the most delicious strains  
Of harmony, that e'er entranced thy soul,  
Whereby thou for awhile, didst feel upborne  
Beyond the reach of sublunary things.  
Give thine imagination ample scope  
To picture all that's holy, pure, and fair,  
Then call to mind these words of sober truth,  
“No mortal eye hath seen, no ear hath heard,  
No human heart imagined the good things  
Reserved in Heaven for those who love the Lord.”

“Absent from the Body, Present with the  
Lord.”



WASHED from his sins, in Christ's all-  
cleansing blood,  
Clothed in the garment of His Right-  
eousness,

Made meet for glory, through His spirit's power,  
The perfected believer enters Heaven  
Through those pure pearly gates which Jesu's love  
Unclosed for all who trust and follow Him.  
Celestial harmony salutes his ear,  
The voice of harpers, harping with their harps,  
Who welcome thus the ransomed spirit home!  
And louder still their hallelujahs ring,  
When, from the righteous Judge he doth receive  
The crown of glory, and the victor's palm.  
*Now* all his conflicts, toils, and fears are o'er,  
All shadows flee away, all tears are dried,  
For *sin* the cause of sorrow enters not  
Where all is "holiness unto the Lord."

*Now* is the consummation of his bliss,  
To see his Lord and Saviour face to face,  
And praise Him worthily with powers renewed :  
Nor will eternity itself exhaust  
The glorious, endless theme. "Worthy the Lamb"  
Is the glad chorus of that still new song  
Which myriads of ransomed spirits sing.  
"Worthy the Lamb," echoes from every heart,  
"Who loved and saved and washed us in His blood,  
To Him be glory, praise, and power ascribed,  
Alpha and Omega of all our joy!"



“I shall be Satisfied.”



SHALL be satisfied! sweet, soul-sustaining thought,

O precious, cheering truth by revelation taught,

Yes, when the goal is reached, when the last conflict's fought,

I shall be satisfied.

I shall be satisfied! my bitterest sufferings here  
Will but enhance the joy, will but the *rest* endear,  
Things now mysterious, in Heaven will seem so clear,

I must be satisfied.

I shall be satisfied, when I, through grace shall be  
From every taint of sin, from every frailty free,  
Clothed in a shining robe of spotless purity,

I shall be satisfied.

I shall be satisfied! no passing cloud of care.  
No burdened sigh, no tear, nor grief can enter there.

E'en prayer shall turn to praise,—no longer  
needing prayer,

Where *all* are satisfied.



I shall be satisfied, when through His sov  
grace

I shall at length behold my Saviour face to  
Safe for eternity in His fair dwelling-place,  
I shall be satisfied.

I shall be satisfied, when with the ransomed  
Faultless, before the throne, I join that  
song,

“Worthy the Lamb to whom all prais  
power belong,”

I shall be satisfied.

I shall be satisfied ! for Jesus left the grave,  
And opened Heaven’s portals for those He  
save,

Nor till in His bright presence the victor’s  
wave,

Can I be satisfied.

Till I am satisfied, Saviour, uphold me still ;  
Teach me to know and do, and suffer all Th  
Then Lord, receive my soul to Thy safe ke  
till

I am quite satisfied.

I shall be satisfied ! when these eyes wake again,  
I shall, the long-lost likeness of my Lord regain,  
O how my spirit longs such glory to attain,  
And thus be satisfied.

*I shall be satisfied !* This is enough for me :  
Faith like the telescope helps my dim eyes to see  
Beyond earth's mists, fair realms where thro'  
eternity,  
I shall be satisfied.



### Epitaph.

*"And I heard a voice from Heaven, saying unto me,  
Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord  
from henceforth : Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may  
rest from their labours; and their works do follow  
them."*—REV. xiv. 13.



Y soul is escaped as a bird from the snare,  
Then weep not so sadly, beloved ones  
for me,

From sin and its wages, from death and despair,  
My Saviour redeemed me, and now I am free.

Those dark earth-born clouds that too often  
obscure

My view of the mansions by Jesus prepared,  
Have vanished for ever—my bliss is secure—  
A bliss that with myriads of angels is shared.

My soul is escaped as a bird from the snare  
That Satan, the world, and my heart wove for  
me,

Affection's gold links might have fettered me there,  
Love divine saw 'twas better that I should be  
free.

---

But, soon shall those links be united again,  
Where partings and sighing and tears are no  
more ;  
Together we'll worship the Lamb that was slain,  
For ever and ever His love we'll adore.







HOLY SEASONS.







## HOLY SEASONS.



### Morning Hymn.



L AID me down in peace and slept,  
And rose with renovated powers,  
For He by whom all things are kept,  
Sustained me thro' night's silent hours.  
Therefore to God my heart and voice I'll raise,  
To Him address my morning hymn of praise.

Thou, who didst safely guard my bed,  
Guide, too, my footsteps through the day,  
In conflict cover Thou my head,  
And chase my legion-foes away.  
Secure beneath Thy wing's protecting shade,  
What enemy need make my soul afraid?



Creation—preservation—all  
Life's blessings freely scattered round,  
For grateful adoration call ;  
Yet nobler praises shall resound,  
Because Thou hast Thy Well-Beloved given  
To show my soul the way to Thee and Heaven !

Jesus ! my Saviour and my God !  
Whose death did for my sins atone,  
Sprinkle me with Thy precious blood,  
Wash me and make me all Thine own.  
Lord, not my feet alone, but on my head,  
And hands, and heart, the cleansing influence shed.

Then heart and head, and feet and hands,  
Shall be devoted to Thy praise ;  
I'll run the way of Thy commands,  
While Thou dost still prolong my days :  
Constrained by Thine inestimable love,  
Both life and lips my gratitude shall prove.

To Thee belong both life and death,  
And if my life be hid in Thee,  
Though called this day to yield my breath,  
I yet, through Thee, shall conqueror be :  
Thou wilt sustain me thro' the last dread strife,  
And show me, e'en in death, the path of life.

Soon resurrection's morn shall break,  
Therefore my flesh in hope shall rest,  
Ere long to hear, for Thine own sake  
Those welcome words to me addressed :  
“ Come, all ye blessed of My Father, come,  
Inherit your eternal, glorious home ! ”



### Thoughts on the First and Second Advent.

**S**AVIOUR! no mortal tongue can tell  
The greatness of that love,  
Which made Thee willingly forego  
The glorious joys above :  
As Son of God and Son of Man—  
Immanuel—Thou alone  
Couldst save Thy people from their sins,  
And for their guilt atone.

Therefore, Thou high and holy One  
Didst even condescend  
To dwell on this sin-stricken earth  
As the poor sinner's Friend.  
O Lamb of God, in whom was found  
No blemish, spot, nor stain,  
Thou didst become our Substitute—  
Thou for our sins wast slain.

Yea, for the ransom of Thy flock  
Thou wast content to die,  
And from the grave Thou didst arise  
Their faith to justify :  
Then as Thou, with uplifted hands,  
Wast blessing the eleven,  
A cloud received Thee from their sight,  
Back to the joys of Heaven.

And in like manner, I believe  
Thou yet again shalt come  
To bless all those who wait for Thee,  
And take Thy ransomed home.  
But till we know as we are known,  
Man's finite mind must wait,  
To realize the blessedness  
Of that eternal state.

When Thou shalt come ? or where is Heaven ?  
Or how these things can be ?  
These, Lord, I deem the secret things  
That appertain to Thee.  
But to Thy faithful servants, Lord,  
All shall, I know, be well,  
For 'tis Thy will that where Thou art  
There shall Thy servants dwell.

And oh, to see Thee as Thou art,  
To be made like to Thee,  
To love and serve Thee evermore—  
*This*, Heaven itself must be !  
And there, too, shall be found again  
The dear ones gone before ;  
For all God's children then shall meet,  
Yea, meet to part no more.

And, blessed thought ! sin enters not  
In that most holy place ;  
Sorrow is banished from each heart,  
Tears wiped from every face.  
Each hidden wound shall then be healed,  
Each seeming ill redressed ;  
The wicked cease from troubling there,  
The weary are at rest.

Jesu ! Thy Bride with longing eyes  
Looks out for Thy return ;  
For this fulfilment of her hopes  
She ardently doth yearn.  
She longeth for the dawning of  
Thy coronation-day,  
When all the kingdoms of the world  
Shall own Thy sceptre's sway.

She longs to see the "many crowns "  
Thy sacred brow adorn ;  
That brow that once for her was crowned  
In mockery and scorn.  
She longeth for that golden age  
Of universal peace,  
When discord shall no more be known,  
When strife and war shall cease.

The souls beneath the altar cry,  
" How long, O Lord, how long ?  
Wilt Thou not soon avenge our blood  
On those who did us wrong."  
Groaning Creation, too, awaits  
The coming of her Lord,  
When all she lost through Adam's fall  
Shall fully be restored.

Accomplish shortly, blessed Lord,  
The sum of Thine elect,  
From east and west, and north and south  
Thy hidden ones collect.  
May Jew and Gentile join ere long  
To sing with one accord,  
Praise to the free and sovereign grace  
Of Jesus Christ our Lord.

Wait, O my soul, in faith, and hope,  
And patience, watch and pray ;  
So live, that thou with joy mayst meet  
Thy Saviour, on that day.  
A little while, and He hath said  
That He will come again,  
As King of kings and Lord of lords,  
For evermore to reign.



# Christmas Carol.

ST. LUKE ii. 8—14.



WHILE Shepherds, in the field,  
 Watched o'er their flocks by night,  
 An angel was to them reveal'd  
 In glory bright.

But sudden dread and fear  
 Seized on that shepherd-band—  
 Mysterious awe, to feel so near  
 The Spirit-land.

“Fear not!” the angel said,  
 “Good tidings, lo, I bring :  
 Behold, in Bethlehem’s manger laid  
 Your new-born King !”

“Glory to God on high,”  
 A choir of angels sang,  
 While through the realms beyond the sky  
 Their chorus rang :



“Peace and good-will to all,  
The Saviour comes to bring,  
Before Him shall all nations fall,  
And own Him King.”

While yon seraphic throng  
Their songs of triumph raise,  
Shall not *mankind* the strain prolong,  
To Jesu's praise?

Since to Jehovah's throne  
Our grateful songs may rise,  
For He will not our praise disown,  
Nor us despise.

Come, let us join the song  
Sung by the hosts of Heaven,  
For Christ, the Saviour promised long,  
To *us* is given!

To angels ne'er was shown  
A proof of love like this—  
When He to save us left His throne  
In realms of bliss.

He visited our earth  
 To suffer and to die ;  
 That we might through the second birth,  
 Gain rest on high.

He came our sins to bear,  
 Our pardon to secure,  
 Our sorrows and our griefs to share,  
 Our curse to endure :

He came our souls to bless,  
 To bid our doubting cease ;  
 He is " the Lord our Righteousness,"  
 " The Prince of Peace."

And now, within the Veil,  
 For us He intercedes ;  
 His merits which with God prevail,  
 For *us* He pleads.

Lord, what can I impart  
 For all this love divine ?  
 Accept my *all*—this sinful heart  
 And make it Thine.

Make it Thy temple, Lord,  
There may Thy Spirit dwell;  
Peace, pardon, holiness afford,  
Immanuel!

Help me each day I live,  
My gratitude to prove,  
To Thee both soul and body give,  
Constrained by love.

Then in bright realms above,  
May I Thy name adore,  
Where holy angels praise Thy name  
For evermore!



Christmas Hymn.

**W**ORD ! to Thy habitation  
 Beyond the glorious skies,  
 May praise and supplication  
 Like incense-clouds arise,  
 While we rehearse the story—  
 The joyful news proclaim,  
 How Christ, the King of Glory,  
 To save lost sinners came.

Leaving the joys of heaven,  
 Impelled by love divine—  
 That we might be forgiven,  
 And in His kingdom shine—  
 His Throne and exaltation  
 The Son of God forsook,  
 And to effect salvation  
 A garb of flesh He took.

Not gorgeously attended  
With awful majesty,  
Immanuel, descended  
In great humility.  
He seemed on earth a stranger,  
Though worlds by Him were made,  
And in a lowly manger  
The Heavenly Babe was laid.

For in the busy dwelling  
No room for Him was found,  
Whose birth Heaven's host were telling  
While glory shone around.  
Yet angels hover o'er Him,  
Wise men their offerings bring  
While faithful hearts adore Him,  
And hail Him as their King.


For though the world despises,  
Peace to mankind He brings,  
He, the true Sun arises  
With healing in His wings.  
He cures the soul's diseases,  
He gives the weary rest ;  
The captive He releases,  
And calms the troubled breast.

What poor returns we render  
For love so rich and free,  
Who owe the full surrender  
Of heart and soul to Thee !  
Each rival, Lord, dethroning,  
Help us to Thee to cling ;  
Thee as our Saviour owning,  
Our Prophet, Priest, and King.

Oh ! Israel's Consolation !  
Vouchsafe our souls to bless,  
Clothe us with Thy salvation—  
Thy spotless righteousness.  
Through Thy atoning merit,  
Free us from guilt of sin,  
And daily by the Spirit  
Make us more pure within.

Then come, Desire of Nations !  
Victorious Conqueror, come !  
Midst angels' gratulations,  
To take Thy ransomed home ;  
In everlasting glory  
With angels may we sing  
Redemption's wond'rous story,  
And hail Thee, Lord and King !

*Litany for the First Sunday in Lent.*

FROM depths of tribulation  
To Thee I raise my eyes ;  
O God of consolation  
Attend unto my cries.  
Hear from Thy habitation  
A contrite sinner's plea,  
And let Thy free salvation  
Be granted now to me.

Lord, by Thine incarnation—  
That wond'rous mystery,  
And by each sore temptation—  
Proving Thy purity.  
By Thy humiliation,  
Thine unknown agony,  
Thy dying lamentation,  
Good Lord, deliver me.

Trusting Thine invitation  
To weary souls addressed,  
I come for restoration,  
Adoption, pardon, rest,  
From guilt and condemnation,  
From Satan's slavery—  
From sinful inclination,  
Good Lord, deliver me.

By the rich consolation  
Thou sendest from above—  
The Spirit's revelation  
Of Thine amazing love.  
May Thine own declaration  
Be now addressed to me :  
" I am thy soul's salvation,  
I have redeemed thee."

By Thine high exaltation—  
Our Kingsman on the throne;  
Lord, by that blest relation  
Thou bearest to Thine own :  
Midst angels' adoration,  
Hear Thou a sinner's plea,  
With Thy complete salvation  
Oh, Saviour, visit me.



*First Sunday in Lent.*

O Thee, my gracious Saviour  
With penitential tears,  
I come, my sins confessing,  
My sorrows, doubts, and fears.

This heavy, heavy burden,  
Too great for me to bear,  
Before Thy cross I cast it,  
O may I leave it there.

Unto Thy wounds for refuge  
I, a lost sinner flee,  
For Thou the Friend of sinners  
Didst shed Thy blood for me.

O God of my salvation,  
So help me to believe  
That pardon, peace, adoption,  
I may from Thee receive.

And teach me, Lord, and help me  
Henceforth to live for Thee,  
For Thee, who was found willing  
To die for sinful me.

On the Collect for the Third Sunday  
in Lent.



ESUS! who, when Thou left'st Thy glorious  
throne,  
For sin-cursed man's transgressions to  
atone,  
Didst send before Thy face, Thy messenger,  
For Thy long-promised advent to prepare ;  
Now likewise to the stewards of Thy word  
Such sacred unction from on high afford,  
And so bless Thou their labours, that they may  
As honoured instruments prepare Thy way,  
By turning all, who from Thy laws depart  
To choose " the way of life," " the better part,"  
That when Thou shalt return earth's sovereign  
Lord,  
To give to all mankind their just reward,  
Accepted through Thy merits, we may stand  
Among the ransomed flock, at Thy right hand ;

And midst the terrors of that day of doom,  
Hear Thee, our King, say, "Come, ye blessed,  
    come,  
Inherit those pure realms for you prepared ;"  
Then shall Thy joy with Thy redeemed be shared,  
Where with the Father, and the Holy Ghost  
Amid the praises of the Heavenly host,  
Thou Lamb of God, who for our sakes wast slain,  
The King of Glory evermore dost reign.



Ascension Day.

COL. iii. 1.



F ye indeed be risen with Christ,  
Oh let your longings tend  
Unto that bright and glorious Home  
Whither He did ascend.

Why should adopted heirs of God  
While seeking rest below,  
Their birthright and inheritance  
Of blessedness forego ?

Upon the wings of faith and hope  
Let your affection rise,  
Spurning earth's fascinations, for  
Heavenly realities.

"For ye are dead," dead to the world,  
Which no true joys can yield,  
To satisfy the soul whose life  
With Jesus is concealed.

Dwell even *now* by faith with Him  
Whose advent draweth near ;  
And when in glory He shall come,  
Ye with Him shall appear.

*Whit-Sunday.*

COME, Holy Ghost ! this day descend,  
With Thy revivifying powers ;  
To us Thy choicest blessings send,  
In copious fertilizing showers ;  
Breathe on the slain ; bid the dry bones to live,  
And to each soul, life, light, and comfort give.

Convince these dull cold hearts of sin ;  
Make us our true condition know ;  
Show us the guilt that lurks within,  
The seed of death and endless woe ;  
Open our eyes ere 'tis too late, that we  
May see our need, and to the refuge flee !

Thou, Holy Comforter, alone  
Can'st to our wounds the balm apply,  
The blood that doth for sin atone,  
The water that doth purify ;  
For Jesu's sake, the prisoner can'st release  
And to the burdened conscience whisper, Peace.

Give us bright glimpses of that love,  
    (Unfathomable though it be)  
Which brought our Saviour from above  
    To live a life of poverty.  
To agonize in dark Gethsemane  
And face the terrors of dread Calvary.

Guide to all truth ! lead us in faith,  
    To Christ the Truth, the Life, the Way,  
For whoso comes to Him, He saith  
    Shall surely ne'er be cast away ;  
Beneath the Cross, oh, may we leave our load  
And thus made free, pursue the heavenly road.

Inspirer of the sacred page !  
    Do Thou its hidden stores reveal,  
May its vast truths our souls engage,  
    Its consolations may we feel :  
Oh ! grant us faith, that wond'rous master-key  
That can unlock the golden treasury.

Enlighten, strengthen, sanctify,  
    Warm our cold hearts with Thy blest ray,  
Give us the unction from on high,  
    And seal us to redemption's day ;  
Be Thou our Guide, that we at length may see  
Revealed in Heaven, the Triune Deity.

**On the Trinity in Unity,**

**T**RIUNE Jehovah ! Mighty Lord !  
By Heaven's angelic host adored !  
We bow before the mystery  
Of Trinity in Unity.  
Ere the vast mountains were upreared,  
Ere earth, or sea, or sky appeared,  
From everlasting still the same—  
Triune Jehovah is Thy name.

Creator ! Spirit ! who didst move  
The watery abyss above—  
Eternal Word ! to whom this earth  
And all its fulness owed its birth—  
Humbly adoring we would own  
Thee Father, Son, and Spirit, one  
Glorious co-equal Trinity,  
From all, to all eternity.

Holy—Incomprehensible—  
Dwelling in light ineffable—  
Who deck'st Thyself in robes of light,  
Whose attributes are infinite—  
How shall the darkened mind of man  
Presume those attributes to scan?  
Human research attempts in vain  
Thy hidden mysteries to explain ;

Yet where mere human reason fails,  
There love adores, there faith prevails ;  
And thus Thy creatures may proclaim  
The wonders of Thy glorious name.  
More knowledge of Thyself impart,  
And till we see Thee as Thou art,  
Be Thou by revelation known  
By what Thou for our souls hast done.

By blest experience may we prove  
Thee, Father, as the " God of love,"  
Who gav'st Thy well-beloved Son  
To die for sins that we had done.  
Thy love, O Jesus, may we know,  
In saving us from endless woe,  
May we by faith repose on Thee,  
And make Thy righteousness our plea.



O Holy Ghost! Thyself reveal,  
May we Thy quickening influence feel;  
Fill us with joy and peace divine,  
And consummate the great design.  
May we in Heaven Thy glory see  
Thou self-existent One in Three,  
There ever praise with one accord  
Our holy, holy, holy Lord.



## General Thanksgiving

PARAPHRASED.



ALMIGHTY God and Father !

We render thanks to Thee  
For all Thy loving-kindness  
Unmerited and free.

(And with especial praises,  
May those Thy goodness own,  
To whom Thy gracious favour  
Has specially been shown.)

Creation, preservation,  
Yea, all life's blessings claim,  
That heartily, yet humbly,  
We bless Thy glorious name.

But, above all, we thank Thee  
For that amazing love,  
Which led our Lord and Saviour  
To leave His throne above,

That He might give redemption  
Unto our ruined race,  
With hopes of future glory,  
And means of present grace.

On Thine unworthy servants  
Such grateful hearts bestow,  
As shall with unfeigned praises  
Continually o'erflow ;

Then not alone lip-homage  
But our whole lives shall prove  
The sweet, constraining influence  
Of Jesu's pardoning love ;


And we shall freely offer  
What Thou wilt not despise,  
Ourselves—our souls, and bodies—  
A living sacrifice.

For sure, we *much* should love Thee,  
Who *much* have been forgiven,  
And loving, seek to please Thee,  
And so grow meet for Heaven.

And all we ask, oh, Father,  
Through Jesus Christ our Lord,  
Who with Thee, and the Spirit,  
Shall ever be adored.

## Twenty-third Psalm

PARAPHRASED.

INCE the Good Shepherd deigned to  
guide  
*Me*, His weak wandering sheep,  
He will for every want provide,  
From every harm will keep ;  
He leads me forth in pastures green,  
And there my soul He feeds ;  
He makes me rest where streams serene  
Flow through luxuriant meads.  
He doth convert my erring soul,  
He doth my steps reclaim  
To the right path. In making whole,  
He glorifies His name.  
Yea, tho' I walk thro' death's dark vale  
No evil will I fear,  
For Thou who didst o'er death prevail  
Art ever, ever near ;

Nor shall Thy rod and staff e'er fail  
To comfort me and cheer.

In presence of my cruel foe  
Thou wilt a banquet spread,  
Wilt make my cup to overflow,  
And wilt anoint my head.  
Thy mercy and Thy tender love,  
Through life shall follow me,  
Then may I, in the fold above,  
Dwell evermore with Thee.



On the Baptism of an Infant.



SPREAD, Heavenly Leader, o'er this  
child  
The banner of Thy love,  
And grant that he may evermore  
Thy faithful soldier prove.

Signed with the emblem of Thy Cross,  
May this a token be,  
That in Thy cause, he ne'er will flinch,  
But fight right manfully.

That he will never be ashamed  
To own Thee as his Lord,  
Who bore for him the curse and shame  
Of Sin—by Thee abhorred.

The world, the devil, and the flesh,  
Were vanquished, Lord, by Thee,  
That all Thy faithful followers  
Might more than conquerors be.

Blessed, thrice blessed is the man  
Who doth in Thee confide ;  
He has no real cause for fear  
Since God is on his side.

Clad in the Christian panoply,  
Furnished with arms of proof—  
Obedient, sober, vigilant,  
And valiant for the truth—

He shall proceed from strength to strength,  
Nor seek repose until  
Of Heaven's own rest, and blessedness,  
His spirit takes its fill.

Saviour of infants ! who on earth  
The little ones didst own,  
Who ever towards Thy tender lambs  
A special care hast shown ;

In Thine own arms of mercy, now  
This infant, Lord, enfold,  
And grant that in the Book of Life  
His name may be enrolled.

Whether it be Thy will, that he  
The purchased rest shall gain,  
After one feeble struggle, or  
A long hard-fought campaign :

May he be faithful unto death,  
Then, at Thy word, lay down  
His weapons and receive from Thee  
The victor's fadeless crown.





### Holy Communion.

**HEAR** what sweet words of comfort  
Christ, our Redeemer, saith  
To every contrite sinner,  
Who turns to Him in faith :  
“ Come, all ye heavy-laden—  
Ye weary and oppressed—  
Come unto Me, your Saviour,  
And I will give you rest.”

Though utterly unworthy  
E'en of the crumbs that fall  
Under the Master's table,  
Yet at that gracious call,  
Relying on His merits,  
Who did for sinners die,  
In self-renunciation,  
And faith and love, draw nigh.

He who received poor sinners,  
And deigned with them to eat,  
Still at His holy table  
True penitents doth meet,  
To bless them, and assure them  
Their sins are all forgiven,  
And strengthen and refresh them  
With nourishment from Heaven.

Come, for all things are ready ;  
The sacred board is spread  
With sacramental elements,  
True Paschal wine and bread ;  
Beneath these outward symbols  
The inner meaning see,  
And take them in remembrance  
That Jesus died for thee.

The bread—His body broken ;  
The wine—His blood outpoured,  
Show forth the great atonement  
Made by our blessed Lord.  
Upon this vital doctrine,  
Do thou in spirit feed,  
So shalt thou find His flesh is meat,  
His blood is drink, indeed.

Holy, divine Communion !  
Oh, privilege most sweet !  
When the Eternal Father  
Doth thus His children meet ;  
Lo, at this Heavenly banquet  
Man's need is all supplied,  
While God's eternal justice  
Is fully satisfied.

Lift up your hearts, believers ;  
Yea, hearts and voices raise,  
And to the Lord Almighty  
Ascribe all thanks and praise ;  
For 'tis our bounden duty—  
'Tis meet and right that we  
To God the gracious Giver,  
Should ever thankful be.

With angels and archangels  
We therefore would proclaim  
The majesty and glory  
Of Thy thrice-holy name.  
With all the Church triumphant,  
Whose ceaseless anthems ring,  
We praise, we laud, we worship,  
And magnify our King.

To God on high be glory !  
Peace and good-will to men ;  
To Heaven's angelic chorus  
Let earth respond—Amen !  
O, Lord God, Heavenly Father,  
With joyful reverence, we,  
For Thine exceeding glory,  
Would render thanks to Thee.

O Lamb of God ! our Saviour ;  
O Christ ! our all in all !  
To Thee all praise we render—  
To Thee for mercy call.  
For Thou alone art holy,  
Thou only art the Lord,  
Thou only with the Father,  
And Spirit art adored.

Amen.

### On the Consecration of a Church.

S. MARK'S DAY, 1863.

2 CHRON. vi.



LORD God of Hosts ! Eternal King !

Thou dost o'er all creation reign,  
Lo Heaven and the Heaven of  
heavens !

Cannot Thy majesty contain.

The holy angels round Thy throne  
In lowliest adoration bend,  
And wilt Thou, Lord, vouchsafe to hear  
Prayers that from sinful lips ascend ?

Or can it be that Thou whose name  
Can never worthily be praised,  
Wilt with Thy presence deign to bless  
This house Thy creature's hands have raised ?

Lord, we our Saviour's promise plead ;  
For He has said, where two or three  
Shall meet together in His name,  
He in the midst of them will be.

And Thou in vain hast never bid  
Thine Israel to seek Thy face ;  
Then send Thy Spirit from on high  
And make this house Thy resting-place.

Hallow this building, and accept  
Thy people's homage, offered here,  
And teach us to approach Thy courts  
With reverence and godly fear.

On all the stewards of Thy word  
Pour choicest blessings from above,  
May they be valiant for the truth,  
And ever speak the truth in love.

May all their words be fraught with power,  
Each careless trifier to arrest,  
To help the weak, confirm the strong,  
And point all to the soul's true rest.

When He a loan recalleth  
'Tis that He may o'erpay  
With higher, richer blessings  
All that He takes away ;

Because He is our Father,  
The very God of love,  
And longs to fit His children  
To dwell with Him above.

He sends His Holy Spirit  
Our nature to renew  
For He would have His children  
Holy and happy, too.

Praise the Lord at all Times.



PRAISE the Lord with gladness  
 All ye who know His name,  
 Join heart and voice in chorus  
 His goodness to proclaim.

With each returning morning  
 His mercies are renewed,  
 And proofs of loving-kindness  
 Are all around us strewed.

Not only when He blesses  
 Our basket and our store—  
 Not only when with gladness  
 He makes our cup run o'er ;

But even when in wisdom  
 He earthly good denies,  
 He still can make our trials  
 Prove blessings in disguise.



Lift up your hearts unto the Lord, ye saints,  
And let glad songs of praise to Him ascend,  
Shall He hear nothing but your sad complaints?  
Have ye no praises with your prayers to blend?

Praise God, the Father, for His wondrous love,  
In giving up His Well-Beloved to die,  
After so great a gift, ye yet shall prove  
That He will freely all your need supply.

Lift up your hearts, and with th' angelic host,  
Praise, laud, and magnify the glorious name  
Of Him who came to seek and save the lost,  
And in our stead endured a death of shame.

He lived, He died, He rose again, that He  
A Heavenly mansion might for us prepare;  
And now He is preparing *us*, that we  
That rest—that glorious rest with Him may  
share.

Soon shall we see that all the way is right  
By which He leads us, though now oft distressed,  
Soon, soon shall waiting faith be turned to sight,  
When we through Jordan reach that promised  
Rest.

O praise the Spirit of all might and power,  
Who to our sin-sick souls the balm applies,  
His gracious influence, like the genial shower  
To every branch in Christ, fresh strength supplies.

## CHORUS.

While we have breath we'll praise our Triune  
King,  
And when He comes to set our spirits free,  
Rising to life immortal, may we sing  
Far nobler praises through eternity !







